

Two Elegies,

Consecrated

K. Brook

(C)

TO THE NEVER-

dying Memorie of the most wor-
thily admyred; most hartily loued; and
generally bewayled PRINCE;

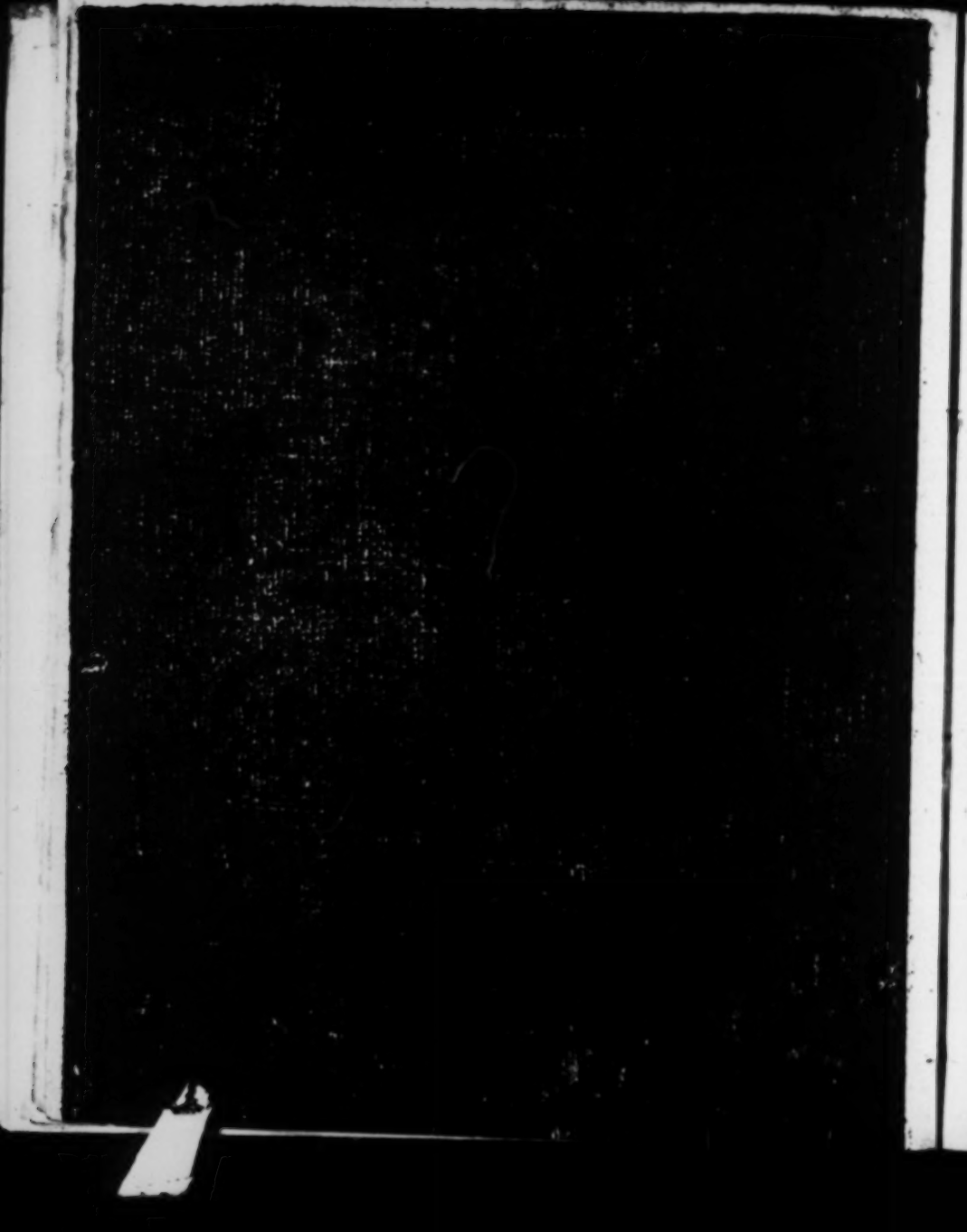
HENRY

Prince of Wales.

*Hec fante derivata clades
In Patriam, Populorum, fluit.*

LONDON:

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be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons
Church-yard. 1613.



TO THE HONORABLE GENTLEMEN,

and grieve-afflicted followers of our incomparable Prince HENRY,
deceased.





Courteous Reader, I entreate thee patiently to beare with
these few fautes, in the first Poeme, which through much
haste are escaped :

Stanz,	faulz	true,
1	lumpe	lumps
2	mayne	fatall mayne
10	or	nor
18 for	fatiate	fat
24	Chaine	Claine
25	Carete	in Careere
32	Kangling	kindling





A
FVNERALL
ELEGIE ON THE
PRINCE.

THose baser mindes, vnknowing, sensuall, rude,
That measure contraries indifferently;
Whose *Supperumbonum* is their sleepe and food,
Preferring moments, to Eternitie;
That GOOD, in ILL; and Soule, in Sence include;
And beare no part in publique Miseric;
May well bee call'd that many-headed Beast;
The spawn of Earth, and lumps but indigest.

And such, wise NATURE keepes in desperate care
With hopelesse things; that tho oppress with want,
Yet ioy in griefe; are hopefull in despayre;
And mortall in Afflicts, as Ignorant;
They feele no motion, nor doe beare a share
In that mayne Cause which all good mindes doth daunt;
Sad *Brittannes* losse; DEATHS mayne, whose terrour
May mixe our Teares, with cares; and griefe with horror!

A Funerall Elegie

But who, of gentle SPIRIT, and softned HART,
Or who of Knowledge, and the mindes discourse,
One out of NATVRE; th'other out of ART,
That doe not plunge themselues in Sorrowes sourse?
For these true qualities should beare a part;
NATVRE breeds *Tendernesse*; KNOWLEDGE *Remorse*,
Remorse breeds *sorrow*; Sorrow SENCE confounding
VVith drearie Passion, and Harts deepest wounding.

And eu'n as from some strange, and ioyfull Cause
Proceeds oft times effects quite contrary,
VVhich by (confusion of the *Organ*) draws
The Mirth to Teares; so DEATH (prepostrouly)
To snatch a Kingdomes hope, gainst *Natures Lawes*
So Deare, so Young; begets extremitie
Beyond Loues ordinary course of teares,
Such Passion swallowes Pitie vp in Feares.

Then if in Cause so weighty, teares so light,
Expresse not these effects of gentle kinde;
Colde moues in meane; but numbs vs with much might;
And brightnesse ouer-great may strike vs blinde:
So in extreames is NATVRE put to flight,
VVhich lodged in the Center of the *Minde*,
Drawes in teares moysture *Sorrow* to supply,
Least hart being burnt to Cinders, Passion dye,

Then

on the Prince.

Then in the depth of *SENCE*, my zeale-fraught brest,
Wounded with griefe and straining drops of *BLOOD*,
Opening a vent to giue my Passion rest,
Yield tributary streames to *TIMES* vast *FLOOD*.
Worke *LOVE*, swell Seas, may that *MUSE* ne're be blest,
That drownes his *WIT* in standing Lake of mud:
But *Pegase* Hoofes strike learned *Helicon*,
VVhole Riuelets now may runne through *ALBION*.

And as a liquid substance whiles one bent
To hold it fast, by thinnesse apt to runne,
Is easier lost, and rather findeth vent
By harder handling and compression:
So worthier *VVITS* within the Braine being pent,
Breaking the bounds of such contraction,
Rebound about their *EARTH*, that holds in vaine,
The fluent Numbers of their rauishing Straines

In *TAGVS* then some *Swannet* dip his Pen,
And of this *EAGLET*-Issue sing the Fame;
Renue his *FIGVRE* in the hearts of men,
Charme stupid *SENCE*; your Spell is in his *NAME*:
And tho this *PHOENIX* (fled from any ken)
Haue sacrificed his *LIFE* in Funerall Flame,
A *POETS* Magicke yet, preuailes in death;
Adds *LIFE* to *Vertue*; and giues *Honor* Breath.

A Funerall Elegie

In morall TRUTH some later Poets saine,
How when we leaue this vaile of misery,
That Time giues Abstracts, which our names containe,
Which flickering Fowle, that about *Lethe* flye,
Catch in their Beakes, but let them fall againe,
Such are rude men that drowne all memory;
But if a Swan doe get a *Heroes* name,
He consecrates it straight t'immortall Fame.

Yee *Isis* Swannes then let not *Lethes* Fowles
Prophane his name; but may this PRINCES glory
(Which Enuy, *Lethe*, Time, or Age controls)
Be sung of you in a *Mineruall* story:
Let this FAMES Sunne through this round Transitory
Shine, and ne're set; and fixed like the Poles,
Whiles some stout *Atlas* props his heavenly frame,
Let men (like Spheres) mone round about the same.

But I, in WIT the weak'st; in ART the least;
Knowing his death would cause the Muses slaine,
In will (tho not in skill) strong as the best,
Doe giue my Tincture to their purer graine:
And tho I bring but ground-work to the rest,
That must erect this *Trophe* to his name,
I shall be proud yet to haue had a hand,
Vpon the Bases, where their Columbs stand.

Then

on the Prince.

Then faire POSTERITIE heau'ns Arbitresse
(That in Eternall Characters enrolles
Those Worthies, rapt from Earths vnworthinesse,
Through the diuine impulsion of their soules)
Receauue his memory which our zeales expresse,
Deepely remembred in the *Thespian* Bowles:
That Times insatiare Orque (with kingdomes fed)
May on his Ruines haue his name be red.

When first in child-hood NATURE sway'd his State;
(All diligent Culture vs'd to Vertues Roote)
So soone he had disclos'd the hidden Gate,
That his high SPIRIT tooke wing in head of foote;
His timeliness did so preuent his date,
That ere the Flowre was lookt for came the fruit:
Thus Time in him gaue spurre to Natures speed,
And high-bornethoughts his height of birth exceed.

In him Earths DEITY, with Heau'ns combin'd,
To shew their ymoost cunning in a CREATURE;
The Humors, and the Elements enclin'd
To giue to him heau'n pointed forme and stature;
And GOD (by his rich Dowrie of the minde)
Render'd his Vertue Angell-like in NATVRE;
And then but shewed the world their Artfull Prize;
Then shut him vp againe from mortall eyes.

A Funerall Elegie

His LIFE, and LIVES delight, was harmonie;
Whose Organs and whose Instruments were found
Vpon his PARTS in contrarietie,
To make sweete Musique vpon NATVRES ground:
But TIME too timelesse in this Sympathie,
Hasting his Cloze, this heau'nly SPIRIT hath wound
Vp to the Spheres, and Orbs Celestiall,
HEE was in NATVRE so Angelicall.

His PRACTISE was (with more then manly awe)
To sway the Scepter of his worlds Designes;
Where by an vpriight hand he fought to draw
Through all his actions, paralells and lines,
Measur'd by IUSTICE, and by REASONS LAW:
No sence perturbs, no passion vndermines
His glorious state, but kept his SOVLE a shrine
Burning in zeale of truth, and deeds Diuine.

His TIME by equall portions he diuided
Betweene his bookes and th'exercise of warre:
(Warre, the Tribunall seate where are decided
The rights of KINGS: and studies that from farre
Suruey the TIMES, how wandring and misguided)
That *Mars* with wits *Minerua* seem'd at iarre,
Which of them both should sway his Princely Hart,
Th'one with sterne Armes; the other with milde Art.

Vpon

on the Prince.

Vpon PERNASSVS Mount he tooke his stand,
A prospect faire of all discouerie;
(For nothing secret in Starres, Sea, or Land,
Can be concealed from learnings clearest eye)
Herewould HEE contemplate, and cast beyond
The TIMES HORISON, to Eternitie:
There might he satiate his Thirst, for nothing can
(Excepting GOD) feede full the minde of MAN.

And he that knew the MUSES still t'inherit
The Prime and Priuiledge of the golden AGE,
(Where heau'nly Pleasure, Honor, and faire-Merit,
Enflame Desier with an holy Rage)
HEE still embrac'd them :yet his fire SPIRIT
To GLORIES aime, so much he did engage,
(Preuenting or Prefaging things to come)
He vs'd his EARES to Trumpet, Fife and Drumme.

And like as when the VIGILL of the night,
(After the Starry RING had mou'd their course)
Proclaimes the Day; and then the GOD of Light
(Rous'd from his Couch) doth mount his fire Horse:
So our FAMES SONNE, with nolesse wished sight
(After his War-like summons) he would force
Rest from his BED, and at those wish't Alar'ns
Mount his hot Steede, shining in glorious Armes.

HEE

A Funerall Elegie

HEE knew that Armes was th'exercife of KINGS;
The spurre to Fame, roote of NOBILITIE;
HEE knew his BIRTH and SPIRIT had lent him wings
To mount the pitch of all his AVNCESTRIE:
HEE likewise knew *Fames* Trumpet neuer rings
Of delicate Courtship, but with *Infamy*;
HEE knew that Souldiers vs'd n'affect'd words,
Whose Tongues are speares, their Oratory swords.

By Warres fayre shadow, his discourfiue Thought
Discern'd the substance, and admyr'd the Faces
Bellona was his GODDESSE, whom he fought
With Knightly valour, more then courtly grace:
Th'Impression of whose Figure so much wrought,
That he would front her manly, and enchace
Vpon her sternest Brow, his temper'd steele;
ARMES had his *Hart*; when LOVE had scarfe his Heele.

Not Canopies, but Tents tooke his DESIRE,
Not Courts, but Camps; nor could the courtliest dames
(Though they shot *Eye-balls* wrapt in *CVPIDS* fire)
Pierce his steel'd Brest: but *Bullets* roll'd in Flames,
From thundring Cannons, had more powre t'inspire;
Where Townes for markes; & Crownes do stand for games;
Where Foes subdu'd, for right of Kingdomes wrongs,
HONOUR might blaze with shield of golden Tongues.

These

on the Prince.

These were the Subjects of our PRINCES Aime;
A plumed Caske, a Speare, a Sword, a Shield;
Kingdomes his hope; *Olympicke* wreaths his Chaine;
Barriers his practise, and the course of Field;
VVe look't HEE should haue impt the wings of FAME;
Charm'd Death, rul'd FATE, and made proud Fortune yeeld,
And Lion-like haue forrag'd o're the EARTH
To hunt his prey, and Crowne his NAME and BIRTH.

For who suggested not t'his rauisht minde,
To see him Carreer, and weilde his Launce,
VWhat future TIMES such promising hope might finde,
How like HEE was this Kingdome to aduance?
VWho would haue thought a SPIRIT vnconfin'd,
Should not haue triumph't over Death and Chance?
And o'resome vanquish't Fox, in crymson Flood,
Be crown'd on Horse-backe sweating dewes of Blood?

And who (in his *Prædium*) did not see
(Pent in the CHAOS of his manly Frame)
The spirit of *Cyrus* in Minoritie,
In boundlesse hope, and in a soundlesse Aime;
And in contention for Prioritie;
Not *Alexander* for th'Olympian Game,
Could shew more heartie thirst, and actiue Fire,
Then he would doe in his vnquench't Desire.

A Funerall Elegie

In State, Designes, how full of State, and flow
In Thoughts, searene; in Cariage graue and wise;
His speech a Current braunch from NATVRES Flow;
In Countnance, SAGE; Maiesticke in his Eyes:
As if in HIM he would let Statef-men know,
A PRINCES Wisdome not in wrinkles lies:
GOD measures not his GIFTS by Age or yeares,
His SENCE was hoarie, although greene his Haires.

In him was drawne the Modell of a State;
From Reason, Wrath, Desire, or Industrie;
Reason, to Gouvernment proportionate;
Desire, to Trades; and Wrath, to Souldierie;
To range these powres, three VERTVES destinate;
Wisdome with Fortitude, and Pietie:
Those three thus order'd States make Realmes compleate,
As these three VERTVES, Princes good, and great.

He was the grieve of FOES: And eu'n as fire
Being newly kindled, ere it can burne bright
Or e-comes the smoke, and then it doth aspire,
And out of vapor shewes his proper light:
So VERTVE (*Enuies* object) doth acquire
(Mauger malignant Humors of despise)
His natue LVSTER to our PRINCE (*Diuine*)
From Foe-mens fume, would make his FAME to shine.

on the Prince.

He knew himselfe: no flattering Glasse could giue
So sooth'd a humor, or so smooth, a face,
That he would not discern; he stru'd to liue
T establish TRUTH in Hart; as Powre in Place;
From each of these his knowledge did deriue
Such equall right, which had so faire a grace,
That TITLES prou'd but Instruments to praise,
VERTVE was Agent, and still wore the Bayes.

His virtuall Impressions could rebate
The venomous BANE of whoorish Flattery;
Which like a SYREN lurkes in surging State,
To sing great PRINCES to their Infamy;
Which liuing deadnesse he so seem'd to hate,
That in the winde-swolne seas of Maiestie,
TRUTH steard his course, and kept his BARKE from harmes;
He had *Plisses* powre gainst *Circes* Charmes.

The hope of HIM, made frozen VERTVE burne,
Which tooke fresh seruor from his Kingling fire;
To him all IRON harts began to turne;
For he was Load-stone to all Harts desire;
For HIM all Sexes and Degrees doe mourne;
And euer shall we (till our Breathes expire)
Embalme his VERTVES; and vpon his vne
In LOVES sweete Incense, neuer cease to burne.

A Funerall Elegie

What **TYPES** can **VVIT** deuise shall now be wanting?
Yet who his **HONORS** perfectly can blaze?
What Heart, Tongue, Pen, thinks, speakes, writes, without
His full proportion of immensue Praise? (scanting
But Othy **FATE**, when now our hopes were planting,
To turne to Funerall Cypresse, Ioyfull Bayes,
It reaues my Sence: he was too faire to flourish;
Too soone too ripe, and therefore like to perish.

Why did the *Parca* cut his vnspun thred?
His **SPIRIT** of Fire t'his Element aspir'd:
Was that the cause? why liue we, he being dead?
We are forlorne, and he too much desier'd:
Our full-fed hopes were surfeited, and bred
A new disease; and he we so admir'd,
First tooke th' Infection, and bequeath'd his Breath,
Then we were cause of his vntimely Death.

And as a couetous Miser, midst his wealth,
Fats in his Ioy, then pines in thirst of more;
So our rich hopes in **HIM** empair'd loyes health,
And in abundance, we grew staru'd, and poore:
Then **TIME** and **DEATH** that exercise their stealth
Vpon the Things wherein we set most store,
As th' Instruments of **FATE**, haue rob'd vs quite;
For Meau'n is lealous of the worlds delight.

on the Prince.

No Object dearer, nor no Love so crost:
If euer good cause suffer'd vnder might;
If euer LOYES were check't in proudest Boast;
Or euer Claime did non-suite kingdomes Right;
Our Cause, our LOYES, our Right and all are lost,
TIME, DEATH, and NATVRE arm'd with Fates despite,
By this one farall blow so deadly giuen,
Doth make vs grone vnder the wrath of heau'n.

SORROVV sit downe then, and with bended Head,
Bearing thy Chin against thy grieffe-charg'd Breast,
Behold the hungry *Grane* now to be fed,
With worlds delight, and cause of thy vnrest:
Be not appeas'd; forget thy *Food*, thy *Bed*
Remembring him; O neuer more digest
So deare a thought, but let thy *Hart*, and *Brayne*,
Sollicit still thy *Passion* to complaine.

Now *Musickes* Sirens that were wont to moue
His soule harmonious, with your sweet consents,
Howle your lost loy, your Hope, your Life, your Loue,
With your crack't voyces and your Instruments:
Disioyne your selues, and like the Turtle Done
Alone bewayle your losse in languishments:
Pine and consume, and like the dying Swanne
Sing Dirges for your selues, and him that's gone.

A Funerall Elegie

And yee the Noblest estate of men
(Souldiers) embast in these degenerate times;
Though ye afford most matter to my Pen
T'excite your Teares; yet least my harsher Rimes
On your sad cause, doe make you mad agen,
Rest to your Passion: Harke the Churches Chimes
Ring to Gods seruice; serue him then in Peace,
Wex poore in spirit, and let action cease.

But yee deiected Spirits of his TRaine,
Ruin'd in fortunes, and distrest in minde;
Of my Complaint receiue this horrid straine;
Me thinks your Passion should strike Reason blinde
With your immoderate woes; and tho in vaine
Yee rage in Teares, like Seas with boystrous winde,
Yet with full sayles of griefe you should be borne:
Till Mast were split, sayles rent, and tackling torne.

Now is my Passion with my soule at Warres;
Me thinks the PILLORS of the world should shake;
Aleydes shyncke, and shoures of lucklesse Starres
Drop from their spheres: me thinks the earth should quake
Graues gaspe, Raunes croke, and all confused iarres
Fore-runne his FVNERALL: yet what can make
The sight more ruthfull? when his HEARSE appears
A little *Island* compast in with Teares.

O

on the Prince.

O now through ruptures of each wounded Hart,
His liuing figure prompt our deadeſt hope,
That Teares (eaſt choak't with horror) may conuert
To giue our Eyes their deaw, and pitie ſcope:
Now let all ſing a teare complayning part,
For weeping *Floods* doe now begin to ope
A paſſage for their ſtreames, which muſt extend
In crook't Meanders without ebbe or end.

Prepare, prepare thou hollow harted Tombe,
To take to thy dead Armes, and to embrace
A Teare deaw'd *Hearſe*: neuer did *NATURE'S Wombe*
Produce his like: His *Honour, Beautie, Grace*
Poſſeſſe all Harts; Poſteritie to come
Record his Name, which may no time deface:
And when Earths glory in Confuſion lyes,
Let *CHAOS* murmur *Vertues* victories.

All ſtupid ſence which *Brittane* Teares reſtraine,
Be now diſſolud, ſuggeſt the ſmalleſt Beames
Of his true ſplendor, and each frozen veine
Will melt in grieſe, and turne to licquid ſtreames:
On dryeſt *Sorrow* caſt moyſt ſhowres of Raine:
Let heate and colde, moyſt, dry, with all extreames
Fight with Confuſion in each troubled breaſt,
Which Time to quiet, neuer may digeſt.

Let:

A Funerall Elegie

Let teares shew Loue, tho rob'd of comforts cause;
For Canker TIME hath eate our hopes with rust;
Let Passion melt, as Icie coldnesse thawes;
Till windie sighes o'rewhelme vs with their gust:
Though teares nor passion wring from deaths fowle iawes
Our ioyes delight now blended with the *Dust*:
Yet since our Hope and loy in dust doth lye,
Let Harts strayne blood; Eyes weepe their fountaines dry.

Adore wee then that dreadfull sacred *TRYNE*,
That giues vs *Essence* out of *Vacuum*;
Nor gainst his Will let Rebell Harts repine,
Who is the soule of soules infusion;
And though we seeme thus forced to resigne
What we thought ours; but his possession:
All fall before his mercies gracious *THRONE*,
Admire his Iustice, and his ends vnknowne.

Decist valne man be not degenerate
In constitution of thy *Soule* and *Minde*,
Presume not in thy Thoughts t'expostulate
With God, who holds the lumpe of all thy kinde;
That bounds the *Sea*, and sets the world his date;
Confines all things himselfe being vnconfin'd;
Nor can his Wils vncomprehended might
Be linck't, and ty'd to thy fond Appetite.

on the Prince.

Is not a Malefactor foreafraide
To view th'aspect of MANS Austeritie?
Do not *Facilem* Facts implore the aide
Of humane MANK, gainst Lawes feueritie?
When cruell Wrath with gentle Pity's staide,
Seemes not sterne iustice yoked with Clemencie?
VVhich Sympathiz'd together in one Sphere,
Their Influence engender LOVE, and feare?

How much more shall that Firme DIAMETER,
Essentiall Sphere of MANS Direction;
Heau'ns Architector; VVorlds Artificer;
The Quinessence of all Perfection;
Be lou'd in Feare, fear'd in Affection?
Let then no dully VVormeling ever dare
VVith his Eternall VVILL to hold dispute,
But wrapt in wonder, all be dumbe and mute.

The LAVV is fixt whose Bounds may none transcend,
VVhich different Causes in one Chainecombines;
All things by providence begin, and end,
Which generally orders: next assigns
A speciall Powre to FATE; which doth extend
And singularly parts in Place, and Times:
So that Gods generall Ord'nance firme must stand:
And FATE still vse his vnavoided Hand.

—Dixi Ficti me,
Et Missi Cordi est.

Desiderii CHRISTOPHERVS BARCKE.

D

FINIS.

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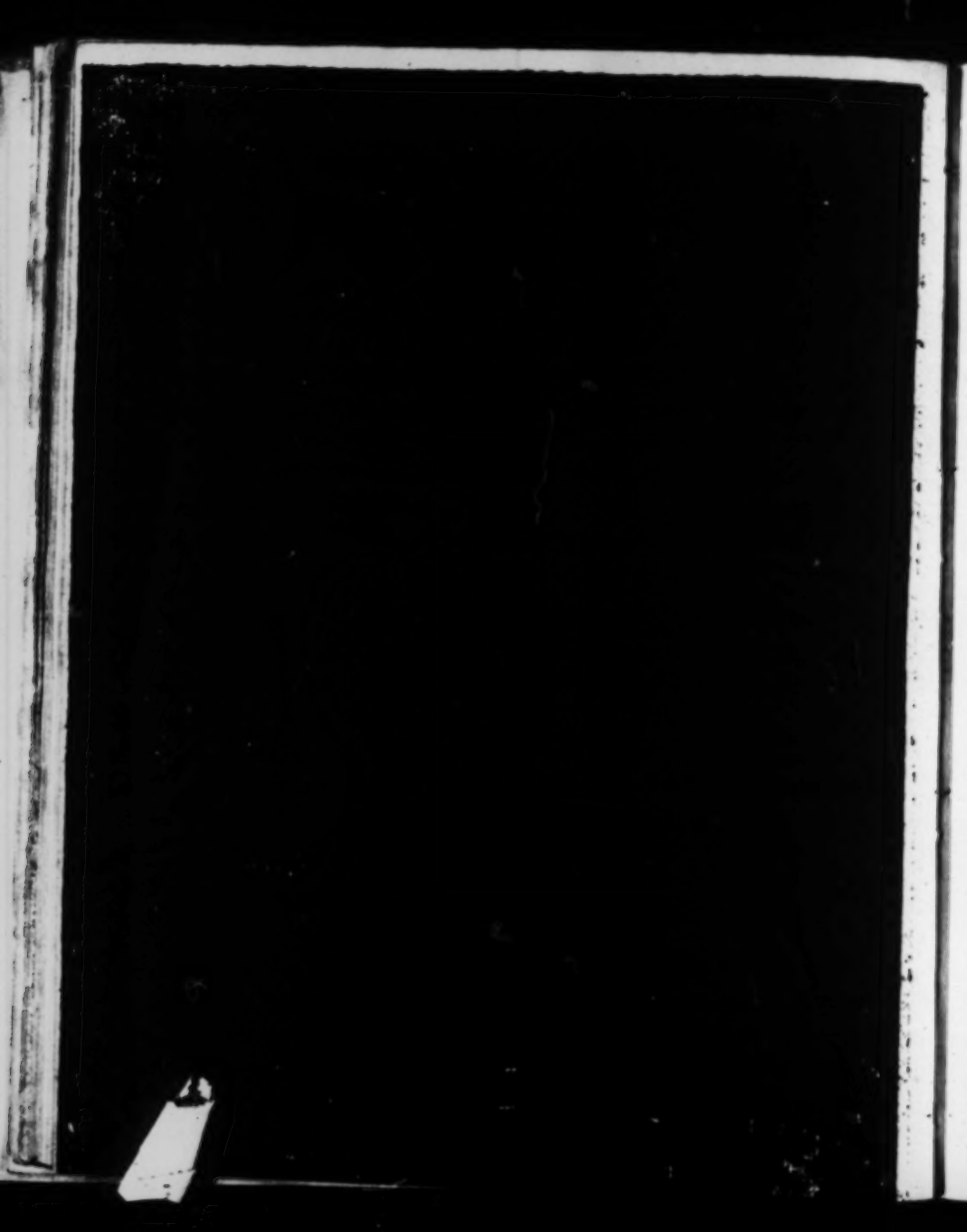
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—— *Djs Pietas mea,
Et Musa Cordi est.*

Desleuit CHRISTOPHERVS BROOKE.

D

FINIS.



AN
ELEGIE
ON THE NEVER-
ENOUGH BEWAILED DEATH

of the VVorthy, Vertuous, glory of
these, and wonder for ensuing times,

HENRY, PRINCE OF
WALES.

K with preceding

Ouid. de Triit. Lib. 1. Eleg. 3.

Quocumq; adspiceres, luctus, gemitusq; sonabant.

Virgil. Eclæg. 3.

Et longum formosè vale, vale, inquit, Iola.

L O N D O N :

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be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons
Church-yard. 1673.





AN ELEGIE ON THE BEWAILED DEATH

of the truely beloued and most vertuous

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.

(***)

WHat time the World, clad in a mourning robe
A STAGE made, for a woefull TRAGEDIE,
When showres of Teares from the celestiall
Bewail'd the Fate of Sea-lou'd BRITTANIE: (globe,
When sighes as frequent were as various fighs,
When *Hope* lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,
When *Enuie* wept,
And *Comfort* slept,
When *Crueltie* it selfe sat almost crying:
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights.
When AUTVME had disrob'd the SUMMER pride
Then *Englands* HONOR, *Europes* VVONOR did.

A Funerall Elegie

O saddest straine that ere the *Muses* sung!
A Text of woe for griefe to comment on;
Teares, sighes and sobs, giue passage to my tongue,
Or I shall spend you till the last is gone:
And then my hart in flames of burning loue,
VVanting his moisture, shall to cinders turne,

But first by me,
Bequeathed be,

To strew the place, wherein his sacred *V R N E*
Shall be enclos'd. This might in many moue
The like effect: (who would not doe it?) when
No graue befits him, but the harts of *M E N*.

The Man whose *M A S S E* of Sorrowes haue beene such,
That by their weight laid on each seuerall part,
His *F O U N T A I N E S* are so drie, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left, to ease his hart:
VVhy should he keepe it? since the time doth call
That he n'ere better can bestow it in?

If so he teares,

That others teares

In greater number greatest prizes winne,
Know, none giues more then *H E E* which giueth all:
Then he which hath but one poore teare in store,
Oh let him spend that *D R O P* and weepe no more!

Why

on the Prince.

Why flowes not *Helicon* beyond her strands?
Is *HENRIE* dead, and doe the *Muses* sleepe?
Alas! I see each one, amazed stands,
Shallow *FOORDS* mutter, silent are the *DEEPE*:
Paine would they tell their griefes, but know not where,
All are so full, nought can augment their store.

Then how should they
Their griefes display

To men so cloide they faine would heare no more,
Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot heare?
And with this wish their passions I allow,
May that *MVSA* neuer speake that's silent now!

Is *HENRIE* dead? alas! and doe I liue
To sing a *SCRICH-OVVEL* note that he is dead?
If any one a fitter Theame can giue;
Come: giue it now, or neuer to be read:
But let him see it doe of *HORROR* taste,
ANGVISH, *DESTRUCTION*, could it rend in sunder;

VVith fearefull grones,
The sencelesse stones,

Yet should we hardly be inforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefes would so excede their last:
Time cannot make our *SORROWS* ought compleater,
Nor add one griefe to make our mourning greater.

A Funerall Elegie

England stood nere engirt with *VVAVES* till now,
Till now it held part with the *CONTINENT*,
Aye me ! some one, in pittie shew me how
I might in dolefull numbers so lament,
That any one, which lou'd him, hated me,
Might dearly loue me, for lamenting him :

Alas my plaint

In such constraint

Breakes forth in rage, that though my passions swimme,
Yet are they drowned ere they landed be.

Imperfect lines : oh happie were I, hurld,

And cut from life, as *England* from the world.

O ! happier had we beene, if we had beene
Neuer made happie, by enioying thee,
*VV*here hath the glorious *EYE* of *Heauen*, scene,
A Spectacle of greater miserie ?

*T*IME turne thy course ! and bring againe the Spring !

Break *NATVRES* Lawes ! search the *RECORDS* of old !

If ought e're fell

Might Paralel

Sad *Albions* case : then note when I vnfold

*VV*hat Seas of Sorrow she is plunged in :

*VV*here stormes of woe so mainely haue beset her,
She hath no *PLACE* for worse, nor *HOPE* for better.

Brittaine

on the Prince.

Brittaine was whilome knowne (by more then *FAME*)

To be one of the *Ilands fortunate*:

What franticke man would giue her now that name,

Lying so ruefull and disconsolate?

Hath not her watrie *ZONE* in murmuring,

Fil'd euery shoare with *ECCHO's* of her crie?

Yes *THETIS* raues,

And bids her waues

Bring all the *NIMPHEs* within her *EMPERIE*,

To be assistant in her sorrowing.

Seewhere they sadly sit on *ISIS* shore,

And rend their haire as they would ioy no more.

ISIS, the glory of the *Westerne* world,

When our *HEROE*, honour'd *ESSEX* dyde,

Strooken with wonder, backe againe she hurl'd,

And fill'd her banckes with an vnwonted tyde.

As if she stood in doubt if it were so,

And for the certaintie had turn'd her way:

Why doe not now

Her wauestresslow?

Poore *NYMPH*, her sorrowes will not let her stay,

Or flies to tell the world her *COUNTRIES* woe:

Is that the cause faire Maide? then stay and know

BAD newes are swift of wing, the *GOOD* are slow

E

Sometime

A Funerall Elegie

Sometime a TYRANT held the Reynes of Rome,
Wishing to all the C I T I E but one head,
That all AT O N C E might vndergoe his doome,
And by O N E B L O V V from life be seuered.
F A T E wish'd the like on E N G L A N D, and 'twas giuen,
(O miserable men inthral'd to F A T E!)

VVhose heauie hand,

That neuer scand

The miserie of Kingdomes ruinate :

(Minding to leaue her of all ioy bereauen)

VVith one sad blow (alas! can worser fall?)

Hath giuen this little I L E her F V N E R A L L.

O! come yee blessed I M P E S of M E M O R I E,

Erect a new *Parnassus* on his graue,

There tune your voices to an E L E G I E,

The saddest note that e're *Apollo* gaue :

Let euery accent, make the stander by,

Keepe time vnto your songs with dropping teares

Till droppesthat fell

Haue made a well.

To swallow him which still vnmoued heares:

And though my selfe proue sencelesse of your crie,

Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim

To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.

When

ON THE
When last he sickned, then we first began,
To tread the LABORING SHOE about,
And by degrees we further inward ran,
Having his TRAEDE of life to guide vs out.
But *Destiny*, no sooner saw vs enter
Sad SORROWES MAZE (immured vp in night)
VWhere nothing dwells,
But cries and yells,
(Throwne from the harts of men deprived of light)
When we were almost come into the CENTRE,
Fate (cruelly) to barre our ioyes returning,
Cut off our threed and left vs all in MOYENING.

Olympus Nemesianus Eclog. 2.

*Tum verò ardentes flammæ pectoris æstus
Carminibus dulciq; parant releuare querela.*

Defcunt W. B.

Inter: Tempus

FINIS.